OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

"Thou Art the Helper of the Fatherless."—Psalm 10:14.

Volume 18. Barium Springs, N. C., Thursday, April 11, 1912. Number 2.

The Mixed Chicken

By Frances M. Fox.

There was a queer look on Tommy's face when the incubator came.

"Well, my boy," said his father, "what do you think of it?"

"Why, papa," Tommy confessed, "I thought an incubator was a great big mother hen, and it's only a box on legs."

Every one laughed but grandpa, who never laughed at Tommy's mistakes. He took the little fellow on his knee and said he was right in a way. "You see, Tommy, all that a mother hen does is to keep the eggs warm, and sometimes she will set and sometimes she won't. Now, your papa wishes to have about three hundred chichens next month, and if he would buy a hen with wings big enough to cover so many eggs very likely she would say, 'But I am not going to sit this spring, if you please,' and if all the hens felt the same way where would we get high bred fowls to take to the county fair?"

"Don't know," admitted Tommy.

"Yes, you do," grandpa said "We'd buy an incubator, Tommy is just what you see there—a box in which eggs can be kept warm until they are ready to hatch. You see, it is a big wooden hen!"

That morning Tommy's mother filled the lamp in the incubator and lighted it. The next day when she opened the glass door Tommy put his hand in to feel how nice and warm it was inside. Then the wire trays were taken out, and Tommy helped fill them with eggs, He noticed that every egg had something written upon it.

"Grandpa," he said, "what does 'B. P. R.' mean?"

"It means. Tommy' 'Barred Plymouth Rock.' Your papa paid three dollars a dozen for those eggs, and when they hatch they will be purebred fowls, worth ten dollars a pair at the least."

"Why are a few eggs marked 'Mixed?' " persisted Tommy.

"They are common hens' eggs," replied grandpa, "and are put in to fill up the incubator. If they hatch they will be sent to market when they are big enough."

"Killed?" questioned Tommy.

"Made into chicken pies," admitted grandpa.

From that moment Tommy pitied the little chikens that were to come out of the eggs with the word "mixed written upon them.

On the twentieth day the chickens began to hatch, and Tommy was so excited he forgot to notice which ones came out of the eggs marked "mixed." Such wet, bedraggled-looking little fellows they were at first—all neck and sprawling legs. They had to learn to walk just as Tammy did when he was a baby, only they learn much quicher.

"Makes me think of popcorn popping," cried Tommy, "to see little bits of chickens unfold themselves. Grandpa, do you see that little black fellow? Its the livelist chicken I ever saw and it is dry already. It came out of a shell in this corner, and since then it has been all over the incubator, climbing over the eggs and stepping on the poor little things that can't walk yet. "O grandpa! do look at this wobbly chick that's just hatched, It's going to be yellow I guess."

"That," laughed grandpa, 'is surely a mixed ceicken, and the lively black one is a pure-bred, of course."

Another moment and the pure-red chick spied the newly hatched yellow one. Quick as a flash he walk over and gave it a peck on the head. The yellow chick did his best to get away, but his unsteady legs sent him sprawling again and again. giving his black tormenter plenty of time to walk around him, pecking him on all sides. At last the yellow chicken stood still, stretched his long neck, and looked over his shoulder at the black chick in a way that made Tommy and his father roar with laughter.

"That's a 'telligent chicken, I tell you, grandpa," cried Tommy, "and it's going to be my pet."

"If I were to have a pet fowl I'd choose a pure-breb," grandpa suggested.

"But I wouldn't," declared Tommy. "I'd give a mixed chicken one chance, and that strong, 'telligent yellow chicken suits me—you just wait until he's dry."

The next day the little chickens were placed in a tiny warm house called a brooder. That was the beginning of plenty of fun for Tommy. The black chicken and the yellow chicken led the flock in everything and taught the others to eat, drink and quarrel. They were the first to enter the back room of the brooder and begin scratching in the chaff on the floor. Tommy's pet was the first to find a bit of choped meat, but he had hardly tasted it before the black one got it away from him, and from that day all the chicks

Continued on fourth page.

Fly Season Coming

SWAT EARLY AND AVOID THE RUSH.

These days mark the dawn of another fly season. In fact, recent advice indicatses that an occasional fly has been sighted here and there. Swat him, and do it now. Remember, so far as the fly question is concerned, a swat in time saves nine. Some enthusiastic mathematican has figured out for us, that laboring under perfect conditions, a Mrs. Fly will lay 120 eggs, which mature into flies in from twelve to fifteen days. Swat her. These in turn produce 7,200 grandchildren twelve to fifteen days later. SWAT THEM. The next generation, we are told, reaches the enormous number of 432,000, to be swatted. And so on, until by fall or late summer our mathematician estimates that the grand total number of descendants of this one original Mrs. Fly amount to some 1,096, 181,249,310,720,000,000,000,000, or a mass having a cubical content greater than the earth itself. TOO MANY TO SWAT. A few ciphes more or less mean nothing to us. Such figures are mathematics gone mad. It simply emphasizes the fact that a swat in time saves nine, if not more. As a matter of fact, comparatively few descendants from each successive generation of flies ever live to reach maturity or old age. A very few withstand the rigor of winter, and herein lies our cue. If we can successfully combat these few now, and abolish their breeding places, our lot for the summer will be easier.

The Why of the Fly.

It has been well said that "A man's flies are they of his own household." We are fast learning that the number of flies in a house or community is an excellent index to the sanitary conditions or cleanliness of that house or community. Some day, soon, we will consider the fly as much a disgrace in our home as we now consider the bedbug. In fact, it is already, but we don't know it yet.

Suppression and Prevention.

To a very large extent our freedom from flies for the summer depents on the effectiveness of our first attracks during the next few months. Five or ten-cent investements in wire cloth fly swatters placed in the hands of small boys and girls yield excellent returns. Their enormous amount of exuberance and youthful enthusiasm mav be put to good purpose in this manner, instead of letting it run to waste under the name of mischief. In the meantime, if all possible breeding places, such as manure piles, night soil, garbage, and filth of all kinds are effectively destroyed, removed, or buried, the result so far as flies and disease are concerned will be well worth the effort. Let's try it.

HALF A TRUTH

When a family, without hearld or credentials, suddenly dumps itself down in the midst of a small and seclect community, that commnnity owes it to itself to preserve a strict neutrality as regards its own conduct. How else is the social amenity to be preserved? Such was the argument Silcote brought forward in self-defence when it was proven beyond doubt that it had, individually and collectively, with two notable exceptions, made an ass of itself with regard to the Bloomfield.

They made their appearrance quite suddenly in Silcote, on the Michaelmas quarter-day, driving from Cogham Junction in a fly, in advance of a modorate-sized pantechnicon van, which was drawn up in front of an empty house in the High-street of Silcote. This house, which had been empty for three years, was wedged between the Town and Counties Bank and Doctor Hepworth's house, apparently no effort had been made to put in repair for the new tenants. It had been let by the Cogham house agents, and tenants arrived in a pouring rain, and, having transferred themselves immediately from the fly to house, set about receiving their goods and chattles.

Later in the day, and before the pantechnican had been emptied, Mrs. Phillimore, the widow of the former Rector of Silcote, left her own house on the opposite side of the street and repaired to the Rectory, where the matrons of the town had already gathered for the cutting out of Dorcas garments. Mrs. Phillimore, arriving a few minutes, owing to the interest she had taken in the house opposite, found that the new arrival was already being discussed. It may be mentioned that the Rector's wife was young, and that, owing to Mrs. Pillimore's continued activities in the parish, she had found her path beset with difficulties. Professing to have resigned everything in the parish, Mrs. Phillimore had really hung on to everything, and had not scrupled to belittle the young wife, chiefly because she had earned her living by teaching before her marriage, and was therefore not suposed by Mrs. Phillimore to be at all suitable for her position. It was Mrs. Phillimore's habit to allude to the Rector's wife as "that poor dear little Mrs. Cursitor," an allusion capable of a good many different interpretations, chiefly uncomplementary.

Mrs. Phillimore, having past the usual greetings, immediately plunged into the matter under discussion.

"Not at all! not at all! not at all! my dear woman," she remarked to Mrs. Hepworth, putting an emphasis on every different syllable as she repeated it. "How could such people possibly be an acquisition to any society? I have already discovered all that we need to know, or wish to know, about them. The head of the house is in jail. Don't you remember the Blomfield case, settled by Mr. Justice Harriman just after the Long Vacation? It was fraudulent bankruptcy, or something; but my nephew, Colonel Blackadder, will send me the particulars. I have written for them. These are the people: so it will be our duty at once to make a stand against them."

Appropriate horror and dismay having been expressed at this announcement, Mrs. Phillimore forthwith proceeded to embroider the facts. It was a pastime in which she excelled. and by the time she had finished her recital the unfortunate Blomfield was accused, if not proven guilty. of all the misdemeanours in the calendar.

"He has a good name, yes, and that makes his crime all greater," she said emphatically. "And I think his belongings ought to have had more decency than to come to our town, where their antecedents would most certainly be enquired into. The proper—indeed, the only—place for such people to hide in is London; and someone ought to take Barnes and Billiter severely to task for letting the property to undesirable people."

It was then that Mrs. Cursitor ventured to speak up.

"Whatever Mr. Blomfield may have done, it does not seem quite fair to visit it on his wife and family."

"One wife and one daughter, that is all the family visible as yet," said Mrs. Phillimore firmly. "Dear Mrs. Cursitor, your suggestion does credit to your feelings, but not to anything else. It is our duty, as custodians of our little circle here, to be most careful whom we admit into it. I must beg of you not to take any false steps, which it might be impossible to retrieve."

But though Mrs. Cursitor was no match for her predecessor and thorn in the flesh in most things, she was not altogether without a mind of her own. That night she disturbed the Rector in his study, as he was preparing his Sunday mornings sermon.

"Herbert, have you any objection to my running in to the North House and asking whether I can do anything for the new people? They must be feeling so miserable, and so thoroughly new. It has been such a miserably day, and you know what a horrid business moving is."

The Rector turned round in his study chair and smiled on her in a kind of comprehensive joy. Theirs had been a marriage of pure love, and as Cursitor who had no very aristocratic relatives, and was frankly bread-minded and even a little democratic in some of his views, the attitude of his county did not greatly trouble him. He was a very able man, devoted to his work, and as sure of preferment as other men in his diocese were sure of being left where they were. Therefore both he and his wife could afford to smile at the little amenities which make up the sum of communities like Silcote.

"Why, yes, of course, my dear; go by all means. I would come also, but look!" He pointed ruefully to his desk, and she nodded understandingly.

"Mrs. Phillimore will go on 'something awful,' as cook says, when she hears of it. I don't mind that, Herbert, if you don't; and I really think this is a case in which we ought to assert ourselves. I should have liked to ask Mrs. Phillimore this afternoon what Jesus would have done with the Blomfields hab He been here."

"Go in to-morrow and ask her, my dear," answered the Rector, smiling as he turned to his desk, where he promptly changed his text, having got a very striking suggestion for an entirely different kind of sermon.

A few minutes later Mrs. Cursitor, dressed for a rainy night, and carrying a roomy, carefully covered basket under her umbrella, emerged from the Rectory gate and walked up the street to North House. It was now eight o'clock, and all the shops were shut; therefore nobody observed her when she stopped at the door, except the town policeman, who smiled a little under his helmet. It was hardly known yet how much Amy Cursitor was already beloved in Silcote, though she had been there little more than a year.

Her knock was answered by a tall slender girl in a black frock, into whose dark, proud face Mrs, Cursitor smiled happily.

"Please, I am Mrs. Cursitor, the Rector's wife. Will you just let me step inside for a minute? I won't keep you long."

The girl seemed to hesitate; but there was something about the winsome face that impelled her to open wide the door.

"We are in great confusion, and everything is so uncomfortable. It has been so wet all day But we have a fire in one the rooms. My mother is there."

Mrs. Cursitor smiled and followed her to ths large, low-ceiled room where some attempt at comfort had been made. From a basket-chair by the hearth an elderly woman rose, looking rather confused and put out. She, too, was dressed in black, and her once beautiful face was ravaged by grief. Amy Cursitor smiled bravely on, and made haste to set her basket on the table, and take the white napkin from above it.

"You will excuse me, wont you, and not be angry? I am so new myself, and I remember how forlorn I felt the day we moved into the Rectory. I have brought you a little bit of something for supper. People are kind to us here in the country. I did not buy this fowl. Someone gave me a couple yesterday, and when I heard you had come we just cooked them both. And this is some farm butter, and a little pie. My cook is good at pastry. I remember the day we moved in. I had nothing to give the Rector but sandwitches, and I was so much ashamed of my bad management, and so hungry for something else."

She rattled on, affecting not to notice the strange aloofness of the two woman. But when she faced them, still smiling, and saw the tremo. cross Mrs. Bloomfield's face, she suddenly held out two kind hands.

"Don't speak, oh, don't speak at all! Yes, yes, we know, and we are very, very sorry. The Rector would have come, only he could not leave his sermons; but he will come to-morrow, and please believe that you have come among friends.

It was then that the silence was broken by the mother, who spoke slowly, as if the words were partly wrung from her.

"We have come here under no false pretences, Mrs. Cursitor. It was necessary for us to find a small, cheap house where we could be very, very quiet for a time. We have suffered very much. My husband is at present—is at present"—here her proud mouth quivered—"shut up in jail, through the wickedness of another man. We hope and pray that his innocence may yet be proved. Meanwhile, we shall live very quietly here alone together, my daughter and I, and and we will not seek to trouble or intrude ourselves on anyone."

"No, no. But you must have some friends, and you will have us, won't you? It is what a Rectory is for; it should be a sort of heaven for everybody. Pleaee don't say no, at least until you have seen my husband."

She sat down then, being bidden, and it was a long hour before she returned to the Rectory with the tears on her cheek.

For the first time in the history of her brief life in Silcote Mrs. Cursitor openly defied, or rather ignored, Mrs Phillimore. In spite of that lady's rather heated remonstrances, she continued to be friendly, and even intimate, with the Bloomfields. Mrs. Phillimore had one sharpe passage with the Rector about it, from which she retired discomforted, to prosecute her campaign without. So strong was her influence that she managed to keep the larger part of Silcote society absolutely in her train. The Bloomfields were not called upon, to their own unspeakable relief, and she continued to speak of the friendship between the Rectory and North House as something that had to be prayed over in secret.

So a year passed away. One morning at her breakfast-table, Mrs. Phillimore unfolded the crisp pages of her morning post, and came upon a somewhat disconcerting announcement, under the heading: "Miscarriage of Justice. Unexpected Clearing-up of the Bloomfield Case. Expected Release of Mr. Walter Bloomfield To-day."

Mrs. Phillimore was so perturbed by this announcement, and by sundry items regarding the family in question, that she suffered her poached egg to get hopelessly out of condition, and had to ring for another one. After breakfast she crossed the road to interview Mrs. Hepworth, who was equally interested, but not so perturbed, having less on her conscience where the Bloomfields were concerned.

"It's a very extraordinary story, this, don't you think, Mrs. Hepworth? And the question is, what is to be done if they all come back here to live?"

"They won't," answered Mrs. Hepworth, with a little air of enjoyment she could not hide. "Didn't you see the Duchess motor here yesterday?—no, no it was on Wednesday."

"No," said Mrs. Phillimore with a small gasp. "At this door, do you mean?"

"No; next door. She came and fetched away Mrs. Bloomfield and Margaret. They've been staying there ever since, and it is entirely owing to the Duke's efforts that it has all been cleared up. It appears that Mrs. Bloomfield is the Duchess's cousin."

"Heavens, no! Who told you that?"

"It was the Rector, I believe. They went to London yesterday, too, and I know for a fact that they were going to dine in Belgrave-square with Mrs. Bloomfield and Margaret last night."

Mrs. Phillimore looked crestfallen.

Then she past a Parthian shaft at the true friends of the Bloomfields, who had stood by them through their year of fiery trial.

"It looks as if—indeed, I am quite positive, that that little wife of the Rector's suspected something, or knew. She is far deeper than any of us, Mrs. Hepworth. No doubt she thought it all out to her own advantage. Her kindness was all just a little less disinterested than it appeared."

Mrs. Hepworth dissented with unaccustomed courage.

"I don't think that is quite fair, Mrs. Phillimore. She isn't like that. She's the best woman among us; and if it's true what they say, that Mr. Cursitor will get his preferment immediately, why, we shall be left very poor indeep in Silcote."

A HAPPY HOME

A sunshiny husband makes a merry, beautiful home, worth having worth working for, if a manis breezy, cheery, considerate and sympathetic, his wife sings in her heart over her pudding and her minding basket, county the hours until he returns at night, and renews her youth in the security she feels of his approbation and admiration. You may think it weak and childish, if you please, but it is the admired wife who hears words of praise and receives smiles of commendation, who is capable, discreet and executive. I have seen a timid, meek, self-distrusting little body fairly bloom into strong, self-radiant womanhood under the tonic and the cordial of companionship with a husband who really went out of his way to find occasion for showing her how fully he trusted her judgment, and how tenderly he deferred to her opinion.

In home life there should be no jar, no striving for place, no insisting on prerogative or division of interest. The husband and wife are each the complement of the other. And it is just as much his duty to be cheerful as it is hers to be patient; his right to bring joy into the door as it is hers to garnish the pleasant interior. A family where the daily walk of the father makes life a festival is filled with something like heavenly benediction.—Ex.

"Did you ever go to see D. Cadent's play?"

"Yes. The cynic effects are wonderful!"

OUR FATHERLESS ONES.

WM. LAURIE HILL, Editor.

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PRESBYTERIAN ORPHANS' HOME.

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Thursday, April 11 1912

THE BY-PATHS OF HISTORY

The News and Observer. is getting out a Literary and Historical section that is a credit to the literary men of our State, and the deft hand of R. D. W. Conner and others, is seen all through and through it.

We have at our University, A. & M. College, Trinity, Davidson, Elon, Wake Forest, and other Educational Institutions of the State, a Coterie of able writers who are exploring the by-paths of History, and the News and Observer is giving them a place to Chronicle events that (happening in the long past,) may be made to greatly enrich History.

The old North State has been too modest in claiming her own: for to-day, the unearthed History that has been dug out of the past, is placing her in the for front as a Commonwealth, where she properly belongs.

That our State was the first to declare her independence of Great Britain is a well authenthenticated piece of History. That she remained out of the union two years is also well established. That She has more pure Anglo Saxon blood in the veins of her people than any other State, is also a fact. That her growth and prosperity is largely an inward growth and not the boost of outsiders, is also true.

Let our literary men go on digging, and exploring the by-paths of history, research can only bring us fame and honor, and bring to light deeds that have made, and will make, History.

ALWAYS WANTING SOMETHING

Yes, it is true an Orphanage always want's something. Table-wear wears and gets broken; knives, forks and spoons, wear the plate off, and after a while look like old iron. Machinery wears, clothes get torn, caps get lost, shoes wear out, truly things used by children pass away, and have to be constantly renewed.

Talking with an old friend he said to us "but you are always wanting something." So we do, and if anybody will show us a family of 185 children, that is not "always wanting something," I will show them a pretty bunch of white crows and you know all crows are black.

The wear and tear among such a family of children as we have, is something that has to be watched, and is watched. We know that it is no greater than is to be found in other Orphanages and the average wear obtained by our children out of the clothes given them, is fully up to that obtained by any other children, even those in our country homes.

Still, the stern fact remains, things wear out, need constant renewal, and our friend is right, "We are always wanting something."

WHITEWASH IN HIGH PLACES.

One of the greatest evidences of the need of a pure gospel in this land of ours, is the out cropping graft seen in high places. A high pure man, Dr. Wiley, has been scrouged out of our pure food department, just because he could not be manipulated by the wealthy manufacturers of adulterations used by them in violation of the pure food laws. Look where you will, and you will find Mister Graft strongly entrenched and hard to dislodge. What does graft mean? just this, men who are trusted by the people of this country to make and administer laws, first buy their places, and then sell their legislative acts putting the difference between, in their pockets.

Only a few years ago a man in the cotton bureau at Washington D. C. was caught red-handed selling to the cotton gamblers of New York garbled reports of the cotton ginning in advance of their publication, that these gamblers might fleece the poor cotton planters, and make money by depressing the raw material. True this man was caught and mildly punished but we have even yet but little faith in these government reports as to cotton.

Our Attorney General was guilty of white-washing on a large scale, when he compromised with the sugar trust, for a paltry sum of something over two millions of dollars a discovered stealage, by false weights, amounting to many millions of dollars, and running through many years.

Honesty is honesty and the men who propose a compromise when on trial for crookedness are not honest, and those who accept a comprsmise rather than put the law on the culprit, would be quite indignant were they told they "were compounding a felony." Now if whitewashing isn't compounding crime, what is it?

CASH RECEIPTS, FEBRUARY 1912

ALBEMARLE PRESBYTERY

Churches

Rocky Mt.	5 00
Oak Hill	4 00
Newbern	56 10
Rocky Mt,	18 00
Nut Bush	8 00
Rocky Mt.	5 05
Elizabeth City	6 00

Sunday Schools

A. H Moment Class Raleigh 1st	12 75
Goldsboro	7 32
Newbern	2 92
Henderson	6 69
Washington	20 00
Total	151 83

CONCORD PRESBYTERY

Churches

Rocky River	8 00
Barium Springs	10 00
Front St. Statesville	3 05
Bethany	1 40
Mooresville 1st ch.	72 92
Lenoir	25 00

Sunday Schools

Mc Kinnon	2 44
Mocksville	3 59
Elmwood	5 00
Concord	20 25
Sailsbury 1st	18 50
Front St.	1 76
Mocksville	3 25

Societies

Kings Daughter, Sailsbury	10 00
Lenoir Brotherhood	6 00
Total	191 16

FAYETTEVILLE PRESBYTERY

Churches

Fayetteville	36 00
Midway	5 00
Roberdell	7 00

Sunday Schools

St. Pauls	14 12
Hillside	75
Dunn	2 00
St. Andrews	1 05
Oakland	1 43
Lumber Bridge	2 11

Societies

Y. P. Ashpole	1 00
Lad. of Ashpole	50
Men of Ashpole	5 00
Mission Band Rowland	5 00
Lad. Aid Rowland	6 50
Lad. Soc. Rowland	5 00
Total	92 46

Kings Mountain Pres.

Churches

Brittain	2 60
Lincolnton	16 00

Sunday Schools

Forest City	1 53
Total	20 13

Mecklenburg Presbytery

Sunday Schools

Huntersville	2 10
Westminster	6 00
Pineville	1 15

Societies

Lad. Aid and Orphanage	36 00
Total	45 25

Orange Presbytery

CHUCHES

Winston 1st	50 00
Madison	34 76
Ch. of Covenant	4 60
Graham	23 36
Efland	1 42
Glade Valley	1 32
Stoneville	5 00

Sunday Schools

Midway	3 35
Burlington class 10	6 66
Durham 1st ch.	29 59
Durham 1st ch.	21 55
Bethel	7 10
N. Wilksboro	4 32
Westminster	24 00
Winston	11 72

Societies

Willing Workers	1 00
Lad of Chapel Hill	15 85
Lad. Aid and M. Soc. Westminister	12 00
Mebane Light Bearers	4 00
N. Wilksbors L. A.	1 00
Kings Messenger Soc. Hawfields ch.	2 00
Total	264 60

Wilmington Presbytery

Churches

Whiteville	4 03
Burgaw	5 00
Delgado	5 14
Mt. Horeb	1 08

Sunday Schools

Croatan	1 00
Chadburn	5 50
St. Andrews	6 25
Wilmington 1st ch.	44 01
Croatan	58
Whiteville	1 82
Total	74 41

Individuals

Mrs. A. P. Thorpe	3 00
W. C. Perry	1 05
A friend in Lenoir	12 00
Mrs J. P. Eddleman	6 00
Miss Ida Hendersons class	1 00
Mrs Jordan	2 00
Geo. E. Scholze	4 00
N. A. Currie	10 00
Wilhelmina Whitted	5 00
J. C. Wharton	4 00
Chas. Rankin	12 00
Mrs. W. A. Sharpe	6 00
N. Mc L. Conoly	6 00
Witherspoon children	1 25
Miss M. B. Fowle	100 00
Dr. J. A. Scott	5 00
A friend in Sanford	1 00
Mrs. R. N. Page	10 00
E. A. Snow	6 00
J. M. Rogers	10 00
F. P. Tate	6 00
Dr. A. S. Rose	6 00
Geo. A. Holderness	6 00
Mrs. W. T. Clark	6 00
Williamson, Baker and Dupuy	6 00
Total	235 30

Press Fund

D. H. Mast	1 00
Mrs. R. Earnes	1 00
Mrs. G. R. Ward	1 25
Mrs. A. J. Underwood	1 00
Dr. C. G. Vardell (adv)	6 25
R. M. Freeland	1 00
Miss Lizzie Stowe	1 00
Mrs. T. A. Armstrong	1 00
J. H. Currie	1 00
Mrs. M. E. McKinnon	1 00
J. H. Beall	1 00
Garibaldi, Bruns & Dixon	2 50
Liles-Nix Co.	15 00
So. Hardware Co.	5 00
Miss Annie Morton	1 00
Geo. E. Scholze	1 00
Miss Nannie L. Little	2 00
Mrs. R. S. Burton	1 00
Dr. R. L. Ramsey	1 00
C. C. McLean	1 00
Mrs. Julian Griffin	1 00
M. L. Cromartie	1 00
Miss A. Bell Walton	1 00
J. P. Russell	1 00
Mrs. M. M. Wharton	1 00
Mrs. B. G. Covington	1 00
Mrs. T. J. Flow	1 00
J. C. Wharton	1 00
John A. Scott (adv)	5 00
G. S. Sergeant	1 00
Graham Murray	25
Mrs. Howard Caldwell	1 00
Mrs. N, P. Murphy	1 00
Mrs. G. W. Denny	1 00
Miss Daphne Carraway	1 00
Mrs. M. F. Davis	2 00
Mrs. Geo. S. Rogers	1 00
A. A. Leitch	1 00
Rev. M. D. McNeill	1 00
W. K. Reid	1 00
B. F. Phifer	1 00
Knox Johnstone	1 00
H. C. Herring	1 00
Miss Rebecca Scott	1 00
R. Bryan	1 00
Mrs, Bettie McMillan	1 00
Hector McLean	1 00
Mrs. S. A. Ashcraft	1 00
E. H. Miller	1 00
Jas. M. Graham	1 00
Mrs. S. J. Young	1 00
E. M. Stevenson	1 00
Parker. Gardener Co., (adv)	6 25
Mrs. C. F. McArton	1 00
Dexter Crowell	1 00
Dr. Geo. P. Reid	1 00
Dr. C. G. Vardell	50
Mrs. Kate Shore	1 00
Rev. P. L. Clark	50
Miss Julia Stirewault	2 00
Mrs. W. T. Clark	1 00
Mrs .A. Odum	1 00
W, T. McCoy & Co.	2 50
Mrs, T. C. Murray	1 00
Mrs. R. P. Taylor	1 00
Mrs. A. A. Blair	1 00
M. S. Dupuy	1 00
Mrs. W. W. Lasley	1 00
Mrs. J. A. Cavenaugh	1 00
Miss Elizabeth Alford	1 00
Efird Brothers	5 00
Mrs. N. B. Daniel	1 00
Joseph White	5 00
Mrs, C. F. Ritchie	2 00
Mrs. John Knox	1 00
Mrs. Katie Monteith	1 00
J. C. Thompson	1 00
J. A. Scott	1 00
O. D, Davis	1 00
Hon. A. W. Graham	1 00
John Carriker	50
J. W. Cloer	1 00
W. S. Moore	1 00
Callie A. Brown	30
Mrs. Kate Gillis	1 00
Miss Mary H. Whitted	1 00
Mrs. D. E. Boney	1 00
Miss Fannie Foust	60
Mrs. C. C. Hayes	1 00
Miss Martha B. Fowle	1 00
Mrs. M. J, Henry	1 00
Rev. H. G. Hill	1 00
Mrs. C. E. Scott	1 00
K. C. Barnette	1 00
W. S. Caldwell	1 00
J. M. Arey	1 00
L. Morris McEwen	1 00
J. A. McCallum	1 00
C. C. Reid	1 00
Mrs. G. S. Ramsaur	1 00
Total	144 40

Building and Real Estate—Permanent Improvements.

R. G. Hayes	5 00
Robinson S. S.	3 00
Greensboro 1st ch	12 10
Boys of Laurel Hill ch	5 00
Lenoir ch	75 00
Total	100 10

Summary of receipts for February.

Albemarle Pres.,	$151 83
Concord Pres.,	191 16
Fayetteville Pres.,	92 46
Kings Mountain Pres.,	20 13
Mecklenburg Pres.,	42 25
Orange Pres.,	264 60
Wilmington	74 41
Individuals	235 30
Press Fund	144 40
Building & Real Est. Improvements	100 10
Total	1,316 64

A parish clerk apologized to a church dignitary who had been summoned to take a service at a small village church:

"I am sorry, sir, to have brought such a gentleman as you to this poor place. A worse gentleman would have done if we had only known where to find him."—London Light.

The papers are afraid to say anything," sneered the first citizen'

"Some people don't feel that way about it," replied the other Ever run for office?"

"No; but I wrote a letter roasting some fellows that needed roasting, and the paper didn't print a line."

"Did you sign your name?"

"Certainly not. D'ye think I'm a chump?"—Philadephia Ledger.

Davidson & Wolfe,

220 South College St.,

Charlotte, - N. C.

DEALERS IN

Groceries, Grain, Hay and Poultry Supplies.

Parker-Gardner

Company

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

FURNITURE, CARPETS, RUGS, DRAPERIES. BUCK STOVES AND RANGES. GRAND AND UPRIGHT PIANOS. :: ::

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The Best Pays

Deering Mowers and Hay Rakes. Syracuse Cilled Plows. Hand made Harness. Wagons and John Deere Buggies.

Statesville Hardware & Harness co.

STATESVILLE, - N. C.

S M & H Shoe Go.

Our Fall and Winter Styles of Shoes are Here, and they, by their QUALITY, invite your inspection.

SHOES to SHOE youth, manhood, womanhood and old age.

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STATESVILLE, N. C.

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Mailed to any address on receipt of price.

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Druggist, - Statesville, N. C.

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STATESVILLE, :: N. C.

CRAWFORD-BUNCH FURNITURE COMPANY

UNDERTAKERS

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Phone 400

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Those who are anxious to secure the worth of thier money in the purchase of a piano had better consult the great firm of

CHAS. M. STIEFF

before closing a trade.

It's mighty easy to be triped into buying a cheap piano by canvassers representing— well you don't know what or who.

They have nothing at stake and you are the victim.

Better patronize a firm that has something at stake and whose interest is your interest,

Chas. M. Stieff,

Southern Wareroom, 5 West Trade Street.

After June 1. 1912

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You Do Well To Send Us

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WEAR LONGER

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STATESVILLE STEAM LAUNDRY.

Laundering, Cleaning, Pressing, Dyeing

U. C. HARWELL, PROP.

Phone - - - - - - 122.

How to Send Money and Supplies.

All money should be sent to Rev W. T. Walker, Supt. and Treasurer, Barium Springs, N. C. Money Orders should be made payable at Barium Springs, as this is now a money order office. Money can now be sent by express money order as we have an express office here.

All supplies sent by freight will be stopped at Barium Springs, if charges are prepaid. If charges are not prepaid, supplies should be sent to Troutman, N. C. To get supplies forwarded without charge, application must be previously made to the general manager of freight through your local agent.

☞Notice of all shipments should be promptly sent to the Superintendent.

Our Club Rates.

Single Subscription.....$1.00 per year
5 to 10 Subscriptions.....75 cts. per year
10 to 50 or more Subs.....60 cts. per year
☞Send in your clubs.

Form of Bequest

To the Presbyterian Orphans' Home, Barium Springs, N. C.: "I give, devise and bequeath to the Regents of the Orphans' Home of the Presbyterian Church of the State of North Carolina, the following: * * * * * *"

The will should be properly executed with two witnesses.

THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1912

HOME HAPPENINGS

Our Mechanic Mr. Hall is a happy man, for he sees in sight the fulfilment of his hopes. He has secured for future early delivery, a shop outfit, that includes machinery enough for us to run a pretty complete up to date shop. In this outfit is machinery for sash, doors and blind manufacturing, and when our boys get behind the machines they will soon learn to be artizans of whom we will not be ashamed: and they will be able to command good wages when they leave Barium. Mr. J. C. Steel (one of our Board of Regents) has inspected the machinery and recommended its purchase. We are gradually getting what we very much need, and in good time we shall have a splendidly equipped Institution.

We are indebted to the Navassa Guano Co. of Wilmington N. C. for one ton of Fertilizer for which we are very thankful. Mr. E. T. Taylor never forgets us.

A short time ago a friend sent a dollar to be given to the smallest boy in the Home and it fell to Sidney Eddleman: Sidney gave his thanks through OUR FATHERLESS ONES. Then Mrs. Grier at Synods Cottage, announced that she was going to add more money, and get a little wagon. A kind friend in Reidsville seeing this, sent three more dollars, and two beautiful red wagons were bought. Now kind friend, if you could only see those little fellows hauling each other around the campus, we are sure you would consider your money well invested.

We are not sure that we have acknowledge in our paper the receipt some time ago of a package of quilts, writing tablets, and jars of fruit from friends in Steele Creek church. They came all right, and we assure our friends they were greatly appreciated. Steel Creek has remembered us before and we feel sure of their loyalty, and friendship.

Our usual services were held on Sunday afternoon in Little Joe's church conducted by our Pastor Rev. W. M. Walsh. After a tender loving sermon a congregational meeting was held for the purpose of electing an Elder for our church. The choice was made by ballot, resulting in the election of Wm. Laurie Hill. who, with W. B. Parks J. W. Clark, and C. L. Turner, now constitute our bench of elders.

Our orchard is a scene of beauty. Apples pears and peaches, in full bloom and the tress will really need to be shorn of some of their bloom, or they will not be able to bear the burthen of the coming fruit. All this provided we have no frost. Last Sunday night, it was so cold we feared that old jack frost was on a raid, but the wind saved us.

"Barefooted! yes, go barefooted" said our matrons, and especially was this permit freely used at Synods Cottage, and our little fellows are getting ready for a whole lot of stumped toes. Old rag, salve, string and ready fingers will be in great demand, and the yell of the small boy will be heard on our campus.

Water in the cottages! this is a glad sound, and tis a real fact. How our boys enjoy splashing in running water, and when they get their shower baths. We will all be supremely happy.

Mr. and Mrs. McConnaughey are taking a little vacation, but Mr. Mac. will be back this week as his presence will be greatly needed in the busy days that lie ahead of us in gardening and trucking. We have already planted potatoes, and now, the hog pasture will have to be watched.

Our screen doors are all being put in order, and we are getting ready to "Swat the fly," for he is one of the most industrious fellow we know. He sleeps up stairs or in any old corner, but is ever ready to come down to dinner, and never waits for an invitation.

Our roof at the Alexander Building has been overhauled and the leaks all stopped. This is good! for we cannot risk good machinery in a leaky building. The wet winter and spring was a severe test of our roofing, and vigilence is needed, to see that our property is well protected: "An ounce of prevention, is worth a pound of cure."

Mr. and Mrs. Gibson were called away on a sad journey last week, to attend the funeral of Miss Leona Gibson of Davidson: Mr. Gibson's sister. Mr. and Mrs. Gibson. have the sympathies of all our workers in their sad loss.

Round Knob had a temporary Matron last week, in Mr. Billy Perry, who looked after the boys in the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Gibson. While Mr. Billy don't "hone arter the job" he and the boys "hit it off pretty well."

The Ladies Missionary Society will hold their regular monthly meeting in the parlor of Lees cottage on Friday, April 12th, at 3:30 P. M. A cordial invitation is extended to all the ladies in the community.

Spring is in the air and the athletic spirit has taken hold of our boys and girls. In keeping with this we hope to have our second annual Field Day within the next few weeks. Last year there was no lack of interest in this event and already many questions are being asked. Now we should like to suggest that some one who believes in the proper development of the body by these out-of-door sports send in a contribution for prizes. These of course will be simple, and varied, and we could easily use from five to ten dollars for this purpose. Please don't wait for someone else to do this. Should more than this amount be sent in, it could easily be carried over for the event next year.

FIELD NOTES

Our Tri State Conference of Orphanage works is getting more and more to be "a great event.', The interest in these meetings has spread like a fire in broom sedge, until now are taking in a number of the Southern States. Beginning with North and South Carolina and Georgia we were fortunate enough to have in our representation at Clinton, S. C. workers from Virginia, the Carolinas, Georgia, Alabama and Texas.

The enrollment at Clinton, S. C. was as follows.

ENROLLMENT OF THE TRI-STATE ORPHANAGE WORKERS.

Rev. A. T. Jamison, Supt. of Connie Maxwell, Greenwood, S C.

Rev. J. B. McLean, S. W. Pres. Home and School for Orphans, Itasca, Texas.

Mr M. C. Reynolds, General manager, Baptist Orphanage, Evergreen, Ala.

Rev. J. A. Smith, Agent of S. Ga. Conference Home, Macon, Ga.

Mr. R. F. Burden, Chairman of Board of Trustees, Macon, Ga.

Mr. P. V. Rice, General Manager Ga. Baptist Orphanage, Hapeville, Ga.

Rev. W. P. Jacobs, President of the Thornwell Orphanage, Clinton, S. C.

Rev. H. L, Crumley, Agent of North Ga. Conference Home, Decatur, Ga.

Mr. William L. Hill, Editor "Our Fatherless Ones," Barium Orphanage, Barium Springs, N. C.

Mr. F. W. Hall, Mechanic, Barium Springs, N. C.

Mr. R. L. Brown, Supt. of Masonic Orphanage, Oxford, N. C.

Rev. W. B. Wharton, Supt. of Epworth Orphanage, Columbia S. C.

Mrs. Julia Rowland, Alexander Home, Charlotte, N. C.

Miss Allan, Barium Springs Orphanage, Barium Springs, N. C.

Miss Shellum, Barium Springs Orphanage, Barium Springs, N. C.

Mr. T. C. Scott, Steward, Thornwell Orphanrge, Clinton S. C.

Rev. J. B. Branch, Assistant to the President, Thornwell Orphanage, Clinton, S. C.

Miss Belle B. Thompson Repre. of N. and S. C. Childrens Home Society.

Arthur B. Sharpe Supt Virginia Conference Orphanage, Richmond Va.

Deaconess Mary T. Gadsden Church Home Orphanage, Yorkville. S. C.

The representation from Our Orphanage at Barium Springs was Wm. Laurie Hill, F. W. Hall, Miss Minerva Allen, and Miss Shellum. The delegates were met at the trains by our noble hosts Rev. W. P. Jacobs and Rev. J. B. Branch, who not only gave us "the glad hand," but provided us with most comfortable quarters and such hospitable entertainment as we shall never forget. Our Editor was committed to the kindly care of Miss Elms of Silliman Cottage, who was not only a tar heel, but had lived two years at Barium. So our readers may know, he was well taken care of. Bro. Jacobs kept open house and those of us who day after day partook of his hospitality, were well assured that there is no failure in the chicken crop in South Carolina.

THE SESSIONS.

The address of welcome on Tuesday night was delivered by Bro. Jacobs, and in the abssence of Rev. W. T. Walker, who was providentially prevented from being present, Mr. Wm.L. Hill was asked to respond. The annual address was delivered by our retiring president Rev. A. T. Jamison of Connie Maxwell Orphanage, and we hope soon to give this address in full in Our Fatherless Ones.

After the enrollment an election of officers was held resulting in the election of Bro. R. N. Brown, of Oxford Masonic Orphanage, as president. Rev. Wm. T. Walker of Barium Springs, as vice president. Bro. Archie Johnson as Secretary. The fact is, we would not know exactly, how to get along, without Bro. Archie, for he just fills that Secretaries place "to a dot."

There were several subjects discussed on Wednesday, but the absence of Mr. R. A. Sonn of the Hebrew Orphanage at Atlanta, and of Bro. Kessler of Thomasville Baptist Orphanage, left us without two of our good speakers who were on the regular program. However the subject of limitation of the number of orphans to be cared for in one Institution," was well discussed by Bros. Archie Johnson, Jacobs, and others, all of them rather tending to the opinion that 500 should be the unite, and when an orphanage grew beyond that number, a new orphanage should be started.

The "Experience in the use of former pupils in offical position was ably presented by Rev. J. B. Branch, followed by Dr. Jacobs, Jamison, Smith, Johnson, Reynolds and Wharton. All seemed to concur in the advisability of using former pupils when the indications were, that they would succeed, all thinking however, that former pupils should see service on the outside, before returning to their Alma Mater as helpers.

The question as to "value to be placed on the work of pupils, and how it should be paid," was ably discussed by Bros. Reynolds of Evergreen Ala, Jacobs, Johnson, Brown, Crumley and others, there being various opinions on the subject. Some of them allowed six cents an hour on extra work, and this money went toward the purchas of clothing and other supplies needed by the pupil, also furnishing them with a little pocket change. The discussion was an informing one but resulted in no uniform line of action. The Childrens Bureau that is now before Our National Congress, was well presented by Bro's. Crumley, Johnson and Jamison, and its advisability approved by a Resolution unanmiously adopted. One of the best papers read before the conference was by Deaconess Gadsen of Yorksville Church Home the subject being "Can the Institutional school be made an improvement on the Graded school." This paper we hope to give in Our Fatherless Ones a little later.

Our session was a great success and everyone present received an uplift and inspiration in Orphanage work.

We were anxious to have the session next year with us at Barium Springs, but it was Georgia's turn, and we yielded place to Bro. P. V. Rice of the Baptist Orphans' Home of Hapeville Georgia and we have all promised to go.

We left Clinton with the profound impression, that the Thornwell Orphanage was one of the most complete "Homes for the Homeless" in all the world, and a model for all Orphanages to build upon.

The entetrainment by the pupils of the Orphanage was one of the fest we have seen, showing excelleut training and fine talent, and the deportment of those children in their homes, on the grounds, and in public-shows a moral force at work there that you do not find in even the average Chirstian family.

Your editor is enjoying entertainment at Connie Maxwell Orphanage where he has been once before, and to say that he is enjoying every moment of his stay with Bro. Jamison and his gude wife, is expressing it too mildly. Here is an ideal Orphanage on the cottage home plan, and it is a working model that others may well emulate.

Their orchards are blooming and they have a whole field of straw berries white with the flowers that promise bushels of berries a little later. Misses Allen, Shellum, and Mr. Hall have started on their return to Barium, and I shall reach home Saturday evening, they too were invited to Connie Maxwell and they missed a lot in not coming.

WM. LAURIE HILL.

The following poem is in memory of an old Robersonian: and a friend of our Editor. Such men as John B. Carlyle never die, they disappear from mortal scenes, but, what they did lives.

The Passing

(To the Memory of John B. Carlyle)

H. T. Hunter

Great souls pass on and in the whelming sense of Night
We sit appalled. For one sad while does Nature weep;
The air is still, all day the lark has measured flight
Postpones, and whispers on a weed and tries to sleep;
The babbling brooks are hushed, and calm within the bars
The sobbing ocean hugs the silence of the stars.

No truer. braver, nobler soul has ever manned
The sails of Life, or furled them in the port of Death.
His quest was Peace, and yet no ruthless pirate band
But knew his power; and burdened with his latest breath
With prayer that Truth and Light, for which his strength was given,
Might bridge the darkness twixt the human soul and heaven.

Though fashioned in the moulds wherein the gods were made,
He yet surpassed the gods in that he was so mild:
Such love for all mankind this princely servant had
As stirs the mother's breast when crooning o'er her child;
That every one who knew him hailed him Comrade, Friend.

Still facing on he saw a brighter morn unfold,
And calmly smiled; as gently did the struggle cease
As lilly petals fall, or softest twilights hold
The fragrance of the rose. 'Twas heaven's granted peace.
Thus passed behind the veil, beyond our feeble span,
Priest worthy of the earth's long travail for a Man.

Wake Forest Student.

It was an old Roman custom to place statues and busts of heroes and other great Romans in the rooms of children and prospective mothers in order to inspire heroism and lofty ideals.

It is becoming an American custom to hang inspiring and lofty ideals.

It is becoming an American custom to hang inspiring and ambition-arousing mottoes on the wall of our homes, libraries, schools, factories, banks and business and professional offices of all kinds, in universities, in seals of nations and of states. That mottoes and maxims affect our ideals is evidenced by their increasing popularity. Thousands of post-card-mottoes are mailed daily.

Many men who have left their mark on the world have been powerfully influenced by some motto or maxim.

"Dare to live your creed."

Valuable Real Estate For Sale

GOOD TWO-STORY RESIDENCE on large roomy lot; best residence street in Mooresville, close to center of town.

DESIRABLE RESIDENCE LOT 79 X 240 ft., three blocks from center of town, good residence section, very desirable. If interested write for particulars.

INSURANCE

The BEST HEALTH AND ACCIDENT POLICY written, covers every illness, every accident. Pays $100.00 per month; costs only $3.00 per month. STRONGEST COMPANY, PROMPT SETTLEMENTS.

I write all standard kinds of Insurance, most liberal poiicies, owest rates, nothing but strictly FIRST CLASS INSURANCE.

If you have property for sale list it with me. I will find the buyer.

S. M GOODMAN,

Mooresville, - North arolina.

Fertilizers Virginia-Carolina Chemical Co.

Use Virginia-Carolina Fertilizers *and* "Increase Your Yield per Acre"

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NOW OPEN

Barium Springs Water

NOW CONCEDED TO BE THE MOST EFFECTIVE REMEDY for diseases of the Skin, Scalp and Blood; also the diseases of the Stomach, Kidneys,and Bladder, Indigestion and Rheumatism. For Eczema no surer or quicker cure was ever known, and we positively guarantee to cure any case of Eczema in two weeks time with the patient in the Lodge.

Booklet of testamonials and other valuable information mailed on request.

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BARIUM SPRINGS, NORTH CAROLINA

The Southern Presbyterian College and Conservatory of Music, RED SPRINGS N. C.

Location Our location in the Pine woods of Carolina on the Coast Line Railway is ideal.

Water We have flowing wells of Sulphur water on the campus. In fact, Red Springs is a health resort.

Equipment Our equipment is abreast of all modern requirements.

Faculty Our Faculty is equal to the work demanded—which is, A THOROUGH EDUCATION.

If you have daughters to educate, do not fail to investigate our claims. We educate mind and heart.

REV. C. G. VARDELL, D. D., : Red Springs, N. C.

This is The Place in Charlotte to Buy Your

Hardware, Stoves, Ranges, Heaters, Paints, Oils and House-furnishing Goods.

☞All furnished you of best quality, and at most reasonable prices.

Try Us

SOUTHERN HARDWARE

Company

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

Literally, Immense, Immense.

That's the word for it, and no other could apply to the values we give, the variety of goods for your selection and the efficient service at your command. The result is, crowds of shoppers for piles of bargains every day. To make this great establishment stand out conspicuously in the history of this and future generations as an institution whose influence for the elevation of commercial ideas is felt around the country in an ever widening development. Recognizing this, it is obvious that we would sanction no transaction which did not in every way make for the best interests of our customers, should any transaction be found otherwise by any person at any time, it is far from our desire, and will be readily corrected if our attention is called to the matter. New spring goods of every description rolling in on every train, Dry Goods Millinery, Shoes, Clothing, Gents furnishings ect. And in point of variety,style or general appearance cannot be equaled in the southern states. A most cordial invitation is extended to all, to come and see our grand display.

BELK BROTHERS

CHARLOTTE, N. C.

SELL IT FOR LESS

The Corner for Smiles

A Rich upstart asked a poor man if he had any idea what opulence was. "It is a thing," replied the latter, "which gives a rogue the advantage over an honest man."

"I never," said Voltaire, "was ruined but twice; once when I gained a law suit and once when I lost it."

Inversion of Truth

What use the preacher,s truth and earnest exhortation?
The hearer makes thereof inverted application.

A miser listened once to a discourse most moving,
The habit of unstinted charity approving.

He said: "I never was before so much affected;
How beautiful is charity, when well directed!

So clear and noble is the duty of almsgiving,
At once I'll go and beg, as sure as I am living."

Lazy.

"He was very lazy, Mr. Perkins," said old Mrs. Jones. "I must say my first husband was a very lazy man."

"How lazy was he?" I asked.

"Well, he was so lazy, Eli, Mr. Jones was so lazy, that he wouldn't shovel a path to the front gate."

"How did he get the path broken out?" I asked

"Oh, he used to lay on the lounge and pinch the baby's ear with the nippers until the neighbors came rushing in to tread down the snow."—Eli Perkins.

More To The Point

Boy: Mr. Quinn, can I get off this afternoon? My grandfather is dead.

Mr. Quinn: I don't see how with your small salary you can afford to go to see so many ball games.

Boy: That's right. I can't either. I ought to have more salary.—New York Evening Mail.

The Gist of It

Two and two make four, This is a platitude.

Two and two make three. This is demagogism.

Two and two make one hundred and fifty. This is high finance.—Lippincott's.

"Let's drop in this restaurant."

"Oh, I don't believe I care to eat anything."

"Well, come in and get a new hat for your old one, anyway."—St. Paul Pioneer-Press.

Cornered

"Jones embarrassed me terrible today."

"How so?"

"He asked me how I enjoped his speech at the banquet last night."—Detroit Free Press.

Sagacious

"A woman was complaining about the depredations of her dog.

" 'Only yesterday,' she cried, "he broke into the larder.'

" 'Dear me!' said her interlocuter. 'Did he eat much?'

" 'He ate,' she replied, 'every thing except the dog biscuit.' "—Washington Star.

Little Left

"What's the matter here?" asked the caller, noticing the barren appearance of the house. "Sent your goods away to be stored?"

"No," replied the hostess. "Not at all. My daughter was married last week and she has merely taken away the things that she thought belonged to her."—Detroit Free Press.

Not For Ten Times as Much

Marks: So you saw the woman who dropped the purse, but lost her in the crowd. Did you advertise for her?

Parks: Yes; I put this in: "If the very homely woman of forty, wearing a dress of last year's style and a most unbecoming hat, who lost her purse containing $3.50 on Boylston street, Saturday, will apply to—, her property will be returned." I've had no answer, though.

Marks: My Man! Do you think a woman would own up to that description for $3.50?—Boston Transcript.

The Mixed Chicken

quarreled over scraps of meat.

Early one morning the light in the brooder went out. The little chicks grew colder and colder and huddled closer and closer together. They would soon have died, every one, if Tommy's mamma had not looked out of the window to see if the light was burning all right. Tommy thought they wore surley dead when he saw them lying on the floor of the brooder with their eyes closed. But papa said they were only chilled and told Tommy's mamma and grandpa to get the pure-bred chickens out and let the mixed chickens go, as there wasn't a moment to spare.

When Tommy saw the pure-bred chickens carried to the house in a hot blanket he filled his blouse with mixed chickens that were left to die, and with tears streaming down his cheeks he carried the yellow one in his warm hand, and it was the yellow chick that gave the first peep heard in the kitchen.

The grown folk pried open the bills of the pure-bred chicks and poured pepper tea down their throats. Then Tommy remembered his blouse full of mixed chickens, and dosed them all in the same way, and every one of them lived to go home to the brooder with the others.

Tommy's pet grew fast and became a fine looking rooster; but because he was a mixed fowl, no one but the small boy thought him worth looking at. Tommy hid him when the mixed fowls were sent to market—tied his rooster in the pig pen.

At last the time came when the choicest of the pure-bred fowls were sent to the country fair. Tommy wanted to send his rooster, and was bitterly disappointed when his father and mother said that a mixed rooster wouldn't be admitted.

"Tell you what. Tommy," said granpa, "we'll offer your rooster, only you must promise not to be too disappointed if he's refused."

Tommy promised, but it was grandpa who had reason to stare when they reached the fair grounds, because the rooster was accepted without a word, and soon was crowing his loudest among the pure-breds.

On the opening day Tommy's family was too astonished to believe their own eyes. The neglected rooster had taken first prize among the Buff Plymouth Rocks.

"He's a pure-bred after all!" exclaimed Tommy, "and sometimes a 'B' on an egg stands for 'Buff' instead of 'Barred.' A man wants me to take ten dollars for him, but I won't!

"And the other rooster, grandpa, the one that was black when he was little, only took second prize among the Barred Plymouth Rocks," said Tommy.

A Little Hero.

In the Woman's Home Companion Commander Booth-Tucker, of the Salvation Army, relatesthe following pathetic incident which happened at one of their Christmas dinners; The pathos of such gatherings can easily be imagained At the Grand Central Palace, New York City. last Christmas day, a bright-faced little lad attracted our attention. He had come to recived a basket for his family. He seemed a manly little fellow and waited without a murmur, holding fast to his precious ticket. There were five other children in the family, he said, all yunger than he and was twelve. Father had had his foot injured six weeks before by molten lead spilled on it. Work was none too plentiful, anyway, but now he was unable to do it if it was to be had. Mother? No, mother couldn't work, either' She'd been laid up for some time with rheumatism.

" 'Dear me that is bad,' sympathized some-body, 'Who, then looks after the family?'

" 'I take care of the family' ma'ma" he answered brightly, 'I dose the housework, washes the children and looks afer things.'

" "You're a brick," declared the one addressed. 'But, 'as a sudden thought struck her, 'Who will cook the dinner for you today?'

"And he answered with a smile, but seriously, 'I Will. ma'am.'

"God bless him and the others like him."

"Face the world with your head forward and your backbone straight."

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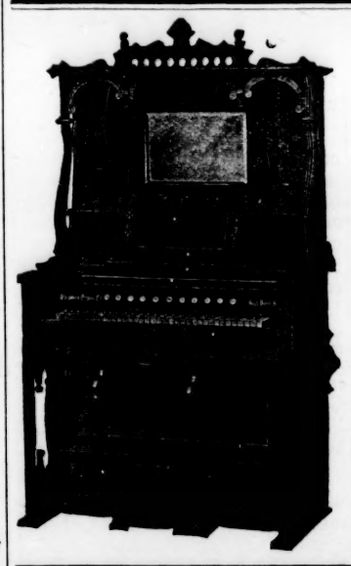

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